

Miscellaneous.

A SUMMER CARNIVAL IN CANADA.

BY MARK TRAYTON.

FOURTH PAPER.
(Continued.)

Our silver moon is a dead body in the solar system, and such is this old town of Quebec among cities—dead as Herculaneum; dead as it will be ten thousand years hence when it will be buried under two thousand feet of solid ice; dead as to commerce, manufactures, mechanic art, schools of science, and other institutions of learning. No public enterprise, no building, no growth! We cannot say it slumbers; it is dead, and nothing remains but its traditions, and its crowds of old heroic ghosts, who may be presumed to revisit this naked rock, and "sneak and gibber" of its departed glory.

As I stood upon the battlements of the impregnable fortress, and looked out upon the grand sweep of the gliding river, while others were chatting of the beautiful views and glorious scenery, my thoughts were back with other days and scenes, when Quebec was the brilliant gem in the crown of the Grand Monarque; when the bay, now so desolate, was alive with richly-freighted ships from France; when French nobility were eager in their financial ventures, and contended for the honors of the vicereignty; when Madame Pompadour ruled the king, court and provinces, and enriched her favorites by liberal bestowments of monopolies of trade; when Pope and priest and Jesuit were filled with a burning zeal for the conversion of the heathen in these wilds, and the dream of a mighty empire on this new continent created a glamour that dazzled and blinded the eyes of a nation—a dream so suddenly dispelled by the roll of English drums and the volleyed thunder on the plain yonder we had just visited.

Looking up the river to the time of the prosperous days of the courtly and the energetic Governor Contraceur and his brilliant court and pompous levees held in this old town, and I saw a thousand canoes come floating down the river filled with the choicest furs of the American forests, and the great chiefs of various tribes arrayed in barbaric splendor to pay court to the governor; and then, shooting out from the point below us, the adventurous La Salle and his few heroic companions starting on a voyage of discovery through those vast inland seas, and on to the unknown Mississippi. Gone now are all—governors, chiefs, tribes, warriors and adventurers; gone the gay throng of revelers whose feet once trod these streets, and paced this rock on which we stand.

France has never succeeded in colonization. She had a great opportunity, a mighty field opened to her in this new world, but she adopted a false policy, and signally failed. She was here, on this spot, before the hardy men and women who stepped from a shallow upon the frozen sands of Plymouth were born. They (the French colonists) had behind them the whole power of the proudest throne upon earth, joined with the infallible authority of Rome, while the Pilgrims had behind them the bigoted, persecuting government which drove them into the wilderness to shift for themselves. The French had but the thirst for gold and personal aggrandizement, with no truly ennobling and life-giving instrumentality to elevate and restrain the vicious passions and appetites of the people. They came among the savages with a false religion, sunk at once into living with, and as, the savage, and had no power to lift themselves or their low associates to a higher plane of moral and intellectual excellence; and there, on that same level, are the mass of French Canadians to-day. The Pilgrims had love of liberty, equal rights, a free conscience, a gospel of life, and the school for all. Mark the result of the two experiments carried on side by side. God willed it. Let us go.

When we entered the citadel, the attentive sergeant had a curiosity to show us "a gun taken at Bunker's Hill!" We walked about in vain to find it. He was puzzled; had some one surreptitiously taken it off? "My friend," said I, "I think it was taken at the surrender of Burgoyne or Cornwallis!" No more was said about it.

We left the Bishop sitting in the carriage looking at the procession when we went into our retrospective trance.

We now started for the Falls of Montmorency, distant nine miles—down a fearful descent, out through a gate, and so on over the St. Charles river through a farming region. On the right hand we pass a large mass of ruins of brick buildings. Our clerical companion informs us that there was an extensive worsted fac-

tory, but after a few years of operation the company found that they could not successfully compete with home manufactures, and failed. Did they burn the buildings then? O no, fire burned them, spontaneous combustion, like summer hotels at the close of a dull season. When free trade prevails with us, I wonder if our numerous factories will present such an appearance? Doubtless, if burned. One-storyed cottages appear all along the way, and the women and girls are in the gardens, engaged in weeding and hoeing. Where are the men? Gone to the city to the celebration. "What a host of children," we remarked. "Yes, these French are wonderfully prolific. There, do you see that cottage on the left? Well, the man living there is a baker in the city. Three months ago his wife bore her thirty-eighth child!" Let not the startled reader say Munchausen, or that the types have blundered. I wrote it in my note-book; there are the figures, 38! And this started another subject. "Quebec has sixty thousand inhabitants, of whom only five thousand are English Protestants. The French are gaining on us in population rapidly. The average of children in these families is ten or twelve." And this is a troublesome fact with the Canadians—something like our Southern colored population, which is gaining on the whites rapidly. It is a very grave problem. Perhaps this fecundity arises in part from the effort by Louis XIV. to increase the population of his Canadian territory. Special gifts were bestowed on men who married young. Bounties of twelve hundred francs were given to parents who had fifteen children, and so down the scale in proportion. Had the woman above referred to lived in 1660 instead of 1885, she would have been as rich in bounties as in children.

But here we are at the little hotel. Our horses are put up, and we start off down a well-worn path to see the cascade. We pass on around a point of land, and there it is. But either the talk about the children, or the excitement in the old walled city, or want of dinner, had acted upon my organ of wonder, so that to me it was not much—only a small river dropping suddenly, and with a sheer fall, some say, of two hundred feet; but we have at home falls of as many thousand, and few go to see them. A suspension bridge was constructed some years since across the falls, but one morning a farmer was driving over it with his daughter in a wagon, when the wires gave way and all went down together into the gulf. The abutments remain, but it will never be rebuilt, it is said.

Dinner of some kind of fresh fish, and we drive back, and bidding farewell to our agreeable friends, the pastor and his wife, we start for the boat, and at 5 p. m. cast off and commence our return. We want two hours more for the passage up, as the current is against us, but we shall be in time for the morning train; as our genial old skipper says, "We never fail." That's English!

At 7 a. m. we were at the pier in Montreal, and took our seats in the car, when in walked the smiling face of our attentive friend, Dr. Potts. Though busy in packing up to remove to his new charge—the Metropolitan in Toronto—he gave us to every attention during our stay in Montreal. At 7.10 p. m. we ran into the Lowell station, and our pleasant journey and visit ended.

AXEL GUSTAFSON AND THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

BY REV. H. W. CONANT.

The careful student of current history cannot fail to mark what may be properly termed the pressure of the temperance reform. It has passed the varying ebb and flow of tides that are only marked by incoming and receding waves upon the shore; and, like ground swells in mid-ocean, asserts its presence with an omnipotent force. We look upon the full-figured ship with every sail stretched to catch the breeze for which it vainly waits, and observe the sublimity, majesty and grandeur of that silent, unseen working force that forbids it to be still! Recognizing the animating power of God in the developing agencies of nature; as the hills and valleys are clothed with verdure, and the fertile plains wave their vast harvests for "a wave-offering" to Him who "sendeth the early and the latter rain;" gazing upon the myriad worlds that roll in everlasting space with a swiftness that baffles the imagination and leaves us to wonder and adore before that Infinite Power which "hatheth the north over the empty space," shall we fail to see the same Hand in the moral world?

At the close of the first century of the modern temperance reform, we find ourselves confronting problems that must be solved, because they take hold upon human character and human destiny. None are more important than the proper settlement of the drink problem. Does not an unseen hand indicate a purpose that it shall be met upon its merits and find its settlement through its own sources capable of such a result, viz., intelligence, conscience and political power?

These thoughts force themselves upon the mind of the writer as he rises from the perusal of an article published in the *Pull Mall Gazette* from the pen of Mr. Axel Gustafson, in which he discusses "Temperance and Party Government." In applying it he says: "What we want (as the Archbishop of York says) is 'a new school of politics, which should demand of representatives of the people, not dull adherence to the torn skirts of old party traditions, but an earnest insight into great social questions.' Of such questions the one which demands settlement before all others is, 'How shall we deal with the liquor traffic?' For only a sober nation is fit to cope, or will ever succeed in coping, with the difficulties of national or individual government." After tracing the results of fifty years of temperance agitation and effort in England, and the failure of government to come to the relief of the cause, he says: "It is no wonder that the temperance workers and friends of temperance in England, have become thoroughly dissatisfied with past methods and are casting about for better."

His conclusions are: "From the most earnest attention on this point I have come to the conclusion that the fundamental error of temperance agitation in the past has been that of subordinating the needs and demands of the temperance movement to the needs and demands of party; in other words, temperance men have been party men first and temperance advocates afterwards; the individual conscience has been subordinated to party interests, morality to political expediency, and we have it on the highest authority that this is fundamentally wrong, for upon that authority we are bidden to 'seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto us.' There is no doubt that political parties will be formed for contesting the general election; but the friends of temperance should hold themselves aloof from party politics, and form a party of their own."

He goes on to urge that in the next election, in which two million new voters will participate, temperance men "nominate their own candidate on the understanding that he is pledged to nothing more, nor less, nor other than the constant using in and out of season of all the parliamentary rules and other means for forcing upon the attention of the House the suppression of the drink traffic in toto, and resisting all other legislation until this is accomplished." What the result of this advice may be, we know not; but when we remember that Mr. Gustafson is the author of that remarkable book, "The Foundation of Death"—a work that shows so thorough a knowledge of the drink problem and has such a numerous reading—we cannot fail to notice the presence of an unseen but felt pressure in the temperance reform. This question cannot be at rest until it is settled right. It must be settled.

THE ETHICS OF SINCERITY.
A Very Popular Fallacy.

BY REV. H. H. HOWARD.

At the bottom of page 189 of a well-known, and in most respects able and admirable, work entitled, "The Plan of Salvation," the author says: "Another important fact in connection with this subject is that a man's spiritual as well as temporal interests depend on what he believes." So they do in so far as man's spiritual being is concerned physically or psychically—as a part of the kingdom of physical nature; and in so far, accordingly, as it becomes amenable to physical laws—pre-eminently nature's fundamental law of cause and effect. To illustrate: It may not be denied that the devout and honest idolater, whatever his sincerity, will be measurably debased physically and psychically by his idolatrous practices. But will he be debased? This is the question; and just this is what Dr. Walker and many others, in discussing this question, utterly lose sight of. Shall this sincere, devout heathen, as sincere and devout, if you please, as was Cornelius, because of his honestly-imbibed error—error of the head, not of the heart—be after all ultimately consigned to an endless hell? So our author would seem to teach (see page 143). But who believes it? Where does he find any Bible authority for such a doctrine? Certainly not in Acts 10: 35.

On page 140 he says: "Perhaps the most absurd and injurious adage which has ever gained currency among mankind is that it is no difference what a man believes if he is only sincere." Doubtless the use made of this adage by many is "injurious," but, literally interpreted, can it be said to be "absurd"? It is true enough that this saying is glibly, flippantly tossed about as a fallacious truth by a class of persons who do not mean what they say. Strangely, the very ones who, for the purpose just named, bandy this adage about, are the ones who afford the least evidence of being ever really "sincere." Still, though thus converted into a "refuge of lies," who shall say that in case all the terms employed therein be interpreted in their absolute sense, this adage does not, after all, express the simple truth? Is this maxim, indeed, anything other than another way of saying that God, in His judgments of men, looks not, truly, on the outward, but on the inward, man—not so much on the "outward appearance," but on the heart; not on the outward act, but, rather, on the motive underlying it; not on the lame and necessarily imperfect creed of the individual, but on the attitude of the will. Our author, however, would seem to reject all this, and, instead, to hold that salvation, destiny, temporal and spiritual, is conditioned, not so much on the state of the heart, as on the contents of the head; not so much on how one feels, but what he means, as on what he believes.

The learned Doctor, meanwhile, in the course of his discussion, crosses his own track and evinces somewhat of that embarrassment and confusion of ideas incident to being on both sides of this question. On page 188 he significantly says: "Faith [i. e., belief] governs conscience. Conscience cannot condemn an act performed in view of one's [honest, sincere] belief. It will, hence, sanction and commend in one what it will forbid in another. If a good Catholic, for example, neglects his duties, his conscience will smite him with remorse. Now, query: (1) Other things equal, is any man at liberty to disregard the dictates of his own conscience—what he truly believes and feels he ought to do, and considers to be his duty? (2) Will God condemn, and accordingly damn eternally in hell, a soul for an act which his conscience, at the time, actually, positively approved? for doing what, according to his best light, he sincerely esteemed to be right and duty? Probably Dr. W. would hesitate to answer this question in the affirmative. But, if so, he virtually abandons his position—allows that 'sincerity,' after all—absolute sincerity—is the determining factor in these cases; allows that one may be saved though believing fundamental error, and obviating not the actual truth.

Indeed, still later in his argument (page 155), Dr. W. admits in so many words that "Jesus applies the divine law directly to the heart, and lays its obligations on the movements of the will—teaching explicitly that wrong thoughts and wrong feelings, regardless of external, overt acts, are virtual transgressions against God." But what, now, becomes of his doctrine that it is not sincerity, but what one believes, that is to determine our eternal welfare? If, truly, it is really what one wills, what he means, what he intends, that determines destiny, then it follows undeniably that this whole issue in question does turn absolutely on sincerity.

The fallacy into which this author has thus fallen, though a glaring, is yet a common, a popular one. The writer has heard it glibly and confidently repeated by many a preacher, and not long since even by a doctor of divinity; affirming that every fallacy, however sincerely held, if unsupported by the actual truth, is worthless as a ground of acceptance with God; and then illustrating his position by appealing to familiar facts within the domain of physical nature—a man's mistaking poison for medicine, for example. The fallacy is based on the assumption of an analogy between the physical and spiritual kingdoms. Strictly speaking, there is absolutely no analogy between them—between the kingdom of physical nature and the kingdom of moral or responsible character. The distinctive character of the law of cause and effect, that of the other, motive—volition, intention, purpose. A man drinks poison. As a physical being the law of cause and effect makes short work with him. It stops to ask no questions as to who is to blame in the premises. As a moral being, however, he may reach him. He is now on another and altogether higher plane. Here everything turns on character; and character turns on intention. Was this thing done intentionally or otherwise—accidentally or purposely? Destiny here hinges on that certain mysterious, invisible, fearful something we call purpose.

In the light of the power of habit, of the results of propensity, of the natural and legitimate outcome of character, we may well say, irrespective of his state of mind, that will he also reap. When, however, we come to discuss the grounds of one's personal acceptance with God, so far from making light of it, it should be remembered that an infinite value attaches to that state of mind expressed by that grand old word "sincerity." Not, indeed, that the Scriptures, more than right reason, show any tenderness towards a superficial, selfish, jaunty sincerity (See Prov. 21: 2; 16: 2; 12: 15). A true, genuine, profound sincerity involves an honest recognition, not only of what one now actually is, but what he "might have been;" not only uprightness of opinion, but an absolute, disinterested love of the truth. It is utterly opposed to bigotry. It involves the uttermost, the very whitest candor. There is many an "orthodox" saint who could never abide this searching test. It means an utter freedom from the power of prejudice so far as it is possible for one to come to a knowledge of it. Yet when all has been said, and we touch the bottom principle or fact of all the ethics, it still remains that it matters not what one believes (what his creed may be), as whether he is truly sincere—is absolutely honest in the sight of God.

THE SENSE OF THE SPIRITUAL.

BY REV. J. L. HILL.

We are inhabitants of a spiritual as well as of a material world. I presume that spiritual realities make a closer environment of the soul than does even the flesh, and that spiritual influences are more immediate, constant and abundant in their play upon us, than are the various forces of external nature, having, perhaps, no nearer material analogy in these respects than the operation of the nerves.

But not only does the spiritual world lie nearer to us, its realities are most important. This earthly tabernacle will soon be dissolved, and then each human spirit will stand out unencumbered by the spiritual universe. Space, measured by earth's diameter and by stars' orbits, is but a span compared with the vistas down which the soul looks when prospecting its destiny. As some views of natural scenery are so sublime that the mind is rather pained than pleased, through the sense of inability to receive their full impressions, so a glimpse of the spiritual landscape fills the appreciative soul with awe. If gazing at the moon and the stars, we exclaim, "Lord, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?" Looking upon the great truths of religion, in which God has globed the light of the spiritual universe, our souls would be crushed with the sense of their own insignificance did not the revelation of our property in these celestial glories transfigure while it awes us.

A Jewish boy in Germany, David Mendel, was permitted such a vision through the open tomb of Jesus—the resurrection fact becoming a window through which his soul looked out upon this new world. Such a change did the vision work in his feelings, his motives, and character, that he called himself a new man, or, using Greek words instead, "Nander," which we recognize as the name of the great historian of the Christian Church. Every believer is, as the apostle says, a new creature in Christ Jesus, though most of us Christians are too dull of heart to notice it. Paul figures the change wrought as a resurrection from the state of death: "Ye are risen with Christ." But ordinarily we still live within the tomb, though the stone of positive unbelief has been rolled away, and with the napkin upon our faces though our eyes have been opened. Therefore the apostle's injunction: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above."

I am sure every one feels at times a passionate longing to live, in thought and affection, in motive and hope, above this world. Without such an experience we will always be sadly a-king the question, "Is life worth living?" and "Is a comment of a Journal upon the death of Bayard Taylor will be appropriate for the most gifted and most successful of us: 'Like most men, he died with his favorite work uncompleted and his principal ambition unsatisfied.' We need the spiritual to supplement the material; the eternal to give meaning to the temporal; otherwise the greatest lives are only like great roads leading nowhere but to some abrupt land's-end; the happiest lives but pretty straggles, widening into no river, but drained away in the lands."

On the other hand, living in respect to spiritual and eternal things imparts their dignity and importance to even the commonplace events of this life. Each good deed wins, under God's gracious provision, a perennial reward. A cup of cold water poured out heavenward in an act of Christian charity becomes a fountain whose flow will gladden the love in all the hereafter. As with a minute angle in the instrument we measure spaces immeasurably vast in the material heavens, so our words and actions, though they may seem to us trifling, are, in the principles they involve, argues of character, and define great powers of destiny; for, in respect to all the outgivings of our lives, it shall be measured unto you again." Sublimely will be the life of every one, though now poor and unknown, who feels the sublimity of spiritual things and lives in view of them. As the tides, the mighty pulse-beats of the ocean, are parts of it, so every life should feel these tides of the eternal world, the infinite pulsations in all our earthly purposes, and thus partake unconsciously of their infinite greatness.

A Christian philosopher of Germany, after a vicissitudinous and troubled career, as he was entering those days of which most men with the sense of decaying energy say: "I have no pleasure in them," feeling the rising tide of the spiritual within him, wrote: "Never shall the genial courage of life desert me; what gladdens me now shall gladden me ever. My imagination shall continue lively and my will unbroken, and nothing shall force from my hand the key which opens the mysterious gates of the upper world; and the fire of love within me shall never be extinguished. I will not look upon the dreary weakness of age; I pledge myself to supreme contempt of every toil which does not concern the true end of my existence, and I vow to remain young forever. The glory I shall seek is to know that my aim is infinite, and yet never to pause in my career."

Livermore Falls, Me.

CHEERING WORDS ABOUT THE MILLION.

Bishop Nind writes: "I have just closed my second Conference. Both Conferences are on the million-dollar line. Interest at blood heat. Black Hills mission more than doubled its last year's contribution. West German averaged 80 cts. per member. Dr. Butler was here, and did veteran service. The very sight of him is a glowing appeal. Up with the banner, and keep it up! Yours in every good work."

Rev. C. V. Anthony, presiding elder of Stockton district, California Conference, writes as follows: "You asked Stockton district for \$1,336 as our share of the million you propose to raise for missions this year. We have done it, and have nearly \$200 to spare for other fields that come short. This was grandly done when we remember that the crops are only about one-fourth the average, owing to the great drought and the grasshopper plague."

Dr. Butler, who is in the West attending Conferences, writes: "The collection for the North Nebraska Conference last year was \$583. This year it is \$1,005—an increase of \$422 over last year, and \$106 above the appointment of the million-dollar year."

The West German Conference gives us \$5,169 this year—an increase of \$335 over last year; an average of 80 cts. per member."

Rev. J. G. Evans, presiding elder of the Kanabos district, Central Illinois Conference, after consultation with his preachers, announced his district as sure for the million-dollar line.

Our Book Table.

THE WRITINGS AND SPEECHES OF SAMUEL J. TILDEN, edited by John Bigelow, 2 volumes, 8 vo. (Harper & Brothers), form a substantial and valuable contribution to the political science of the time. Though not a statesman in any high sense, Mr. Tilden is an astute advocate who has distinguished himself as a party leader and manipulator as well as in handling by voice and pen political principles and issues. If deficient in the original faculty, he is ingenious in argument for the defense of principles and policies he has espoused, as well as wary and skillful in parrying the blows of the opposition. In the volumes before us he has treated with rare skill and ability the principal questions which have agitated his own group. Commonwealth and the nation during the past fifty years. As the representative of the Jackson and Van Buren wing of the Democratic party, he has occupied, as against the Calhoun heresy, the true stand-point, and has uttered weighty words. At the same time it needs to be said that his position is not always the highest, or the ideal one. He saw the danger of the Calhoun trend in our politics, but was slow to understand the radical measures necessary to reverse that tendency. If the nation had followed Mr. Tilden, the Southern Confederacy would have been averted. But despite this defective record, Mr. Tilden has done some noble work in the discussion of political principles and in the promotion of practical reforms. The overthrust of the Tweed Ring was what brought into general notice the ability and principles of a man who had hitherto been known mostly as a party manager, and was a main cause of his elevation to the gubernatorial chair. As Governor of New York, he continued his efforts at reform, especially in the management of the canal, so long controlled by a corrupt ring, and effected a damaging influence on the politics of the State. To a large extent these volumes discuss the principles of politics and political science. And they are handsomely illustrated with the hand of a master, and affording a large mass of valuable matter for the intelligent citizen as well as the party politician. No other of the Democratic leaders has left speeches and writings of so much real value. The author is sharp, critical, incisive, as well as shrewd and thoughtful. The work is a dialectic as well as a body of data and principles, and is very appropriately brought out at a time when the great party to which the author belongs is restored to power under the lead of principles he had long advocated and of a son of New York.

Uniform with the neat and cheap publication of Prof. E. B. Pease's volume of comments upon the "Minor Prophets," issued by Funk & Wagnell, New York, we have in one octavo volume of 519 pages, DANIEL THE PROPHET; Nine Lectures Delivered in the Divinity School of the University of Oxford, with copious notes and with a full introduction, meeting the modern German and English criticisms upon the canonical character, the author, and the time of the writing of this prophecy. The broad scholarship and patient and successful study involved in the preparation of this work were at once recognized, and this volume of the Oxford Professor has held its position as the most exhaustive and satisfactory interpretation and defense of this important book in the Sacred Canon (which has been made the point of bitter attack by modern destructive critics) which has ever been written. It is a volume that our pastors will be eager to add to their exegetical libraries. The publishers have placed them under special obligation by the issue of this beautiful and cheap edition.

From Harper & Brothers we have, PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, by Simon Newcomb, Ph.D., LL.D., of the U. S. N. and Johns Hopkins University, 50c, 543 pp. This treatise, evidently intended to be a University text-book, enters at length into the whole subject embraced in its comprehensive title, arranging it in its different departments, and presenting it in a scientific form. There is no one of the sciences in such wide and earnest discussion at the present hour as that of the social branches of life; such as labor and capital, wages, currency, free trade and a protective tariff. These topics are discussed in the light of the multifarious literature and diverse opinions of the times in a calm, candid and fair manner, recurring constantly to fundamental principles, and giving the thoughtful student ample opportunity to draw his own inferences. Expert teachers will differ at times with the Professor's positions, but will find his volume an excellent work to become the basis of instruction and discussion in the class.

MENTAL SCIENCE; A Text-book for Schools and Colleges, by Edward John Hamilton, D.D., of Hamilton College, N. Y. New York: Published by Robert Carter & Brothers, 8vo, 411 pp. Dr. Hamilton is the author of the voluminous and elaborate treatise on psychology published some time since, entitled "The Human Mind." The Philadelphia Presbyterian characterized as "the most comprehensive and intelligent treatise on the subject of which it treats that has been presented to the public in a long time." The present volume is intended to be a compend of the preceding, better adapted to academic study and discussion. The author shows a familiar acquaintance with the immense and somewhat discordant literature of his theme, and enters with an enthusiasm that will be an inspiration to the student into the development of his great subject. By side indices and by the aid of both the student and the teacher are assisted in the work of study and of examination. The volume will attract the attention of our academic professors.

The late La Roy Sunderland rests from his life labors, but his works do follow him, perpetuating the evil he wrought when a living actor upon the earth. From the press of J. P. Mendon, publisher of the Boston Investigator, organ of the Free-thinkers in this vicinity, we have received IDOLATRY; Mental Ancestry, Miraculous Cures, Self-made, Revolution and Evolution in the Human Mind as in the Whole of Things, by Dr. La Roy Sunderland. Two volumes in one. The frontispiece is a readily recognized portrait of the author, as a gray-headed man, with a very sad and intense expression in his eyes. There are many suggestive and really valuable pages in the work, illustrative of the power of mind over matter, accounts of singular mental epidemics, and expostulations of the follies of clairvoyance and Spiritualism. But the book is a very bad and blasphemous one, ridiculing the Revelation of the Holy Scriptures, the Christian belief in God, and the supernatural influence of His Spirit in human hearts. It is a terrible agent to leave behind to continue to work out its fatal results upon human hearts as the years go on. "Whatever a man's worth that must be also rep."

A SOCIAL EXPERIMENT, by A. E. P. Sealing. New York: G. P. Putnam's

Sons, 16mo, 75 cents. This is a painful, but not improbable, story of modern social life; of a young wife loved, but not loving, estranged from her husband, and only returning after a sad discipline to ask his forgiveness and to die in his arms.

THE HEBREW FEASTS IN THEIR RELATION TO RECENT CRITICAL HYPOTHESES CONCERNING THE ORIGIN OF THE PENTATEUCH, by Wm. Henry Chace, Prof. in Princeton (N. J.) Theological Seminary, 12mo, 329 pp. This volume embodies eight lectures delivered by the accomplished professor before the professors and students of Newton Theological Seminary, greatly to their enjoyment and profit. They are intended to meet the assumptions of late Dutch and German critics that the institutions of the Pentateuch were not the product of one mind, even inspired, or of one age, but a growth, attributed ultimately to Moses to secure for them a high and revered position. This theory is thoroughly and elaborately examined, and shown to be utterly untenable in these scholarly discourses, and the Mosaic origin of these institutions is clearly and ably sustained. The volume will be heartily appreciated by our candid Bible students.

HEAVEN REVEALED, by B. F. Barrett, Philadelphia: Porter & Coates, 12mo, 382 pp. No writer has done more to popularize the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg than Mr. Barrett. In the present volume he summarizes his own views and defends the revelations of the unseen world of bliss, as disclosed by the remarkable Sweden, who, whether sane or insane, dared to supplement the Holy Scriptures with his own revelations. Mr. Barrett writes with all the confidence and earnestness of an unhesitating believer, and by his additions, explanations, and reflections, makes much more of Swedenborg's writings than he professes to expound. Certainly this is true in relation to the discussion of conjugal love and marriage in heaven; but even this "popular" version of it fails to come into conformity with the words of Lord. "They neither marry nor are given in marriage."

John B. Alden has bound in cloth, in a new 12mo volume, the two numbers of his CYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE, including a third more of matter than their previous issues. It makes an attractive volume, and gives practically a complete and up-to-date dictionary of literature. In this form it sells for 60 cents a volume.

WHY WE BELIEVE THE BIBLE; An Hour's Reading for Busy People, by J. P. Ingraham, S. T. D., 12mo, 135 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. This is an admirable little manual to place in the hands of the person who desires to have, in a condensed and authoritative form, the grounds of the faith of the Christian Church in the divine origin of the Holy Scriptures. Its style is simple, its reasoning is clear and direct, and while meeting modern destructive criticism, is largely devoted to the positive presentation of the satisfactory evidences of the authenticity and infallibility of the Bible. The volume will afford an excellent text-book for Sunday service in our academies, or even a week day exercise; for our Christian schools have little enough of Christian instruction in their curricula.

A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, add to their library of portable religious volumes, SIMILITUDES OF CHRIST, by Rev. R. H. Stoddard, D.D., 12mo, 155 pp. This recently-published little volume contains twelve delightful spiritual meditations upon different symbols of our blessed Lord, such as "A Well of Life," "A Fountain of Cleansing," "A Physician," "A Lamb," "A Shepherd," etc. They were first delivered in connection with the communion service, and are suggestive and impressive subjects for preparing the believer profitably to draw near to the table of the Lord and receive the symbols of His love and passion.

The same House issues, IN THE TIME OF JESUS; Historical Pictures, by Martin Seidel, D.D., 12mo, 188 pp. This is an excellent and instructive presentation of the life of Jesus in the Roman Empire and the Gentile world generally, with a more extended description of the political and religious state of the Jews, their various religious sects, the Messianic hope, and their position in Christ's time, among the surrounding nations. The volume is full of instruction and suggestion for students of the New Testament.

ONE COMMONPLACE DAY, by Pansy, 12mo, 513 pp. Price, \$1.50. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. This volume by Pansy, her latest contribution to literature, is worthy of the reputation which she has won by her previous works of temperance and of true religion. With an attractive story, and characters well drawn, the reader is impressed with the nature and claims of the Christian profession, and made to feel that the only true piety is an active piety; that there is salvation for those made hopeless by intemperance; and that effort for such, wisely undertaken, is very richly rewarded with success. The dangers of the young are portrayed, and the only safe remedy is pointed out. Altogether, it is an eminently interesting and useful volume.

Cassell & Company, New York, issue a timely volume, entitled THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR INDIA, by Arminius Vambury, 12mo, 214 pp., \$1.00. For some time past, the English public has been attracted by his personal observations and travels in the countries now attracting the attention of the civilized world as the object of common interest to the nations of the East. He speaks with much authority. He is no friend of Russia, and has no doubt in his own mind as to her ultimate intentions in reference to India. Mr. Vambury describes a very richly illustrated work, the movements of Russia within the Asiatic provinces, the importance of certain strategic points, such as Herat, Afghanistan, Russia's prospective conquests in Eastern Europe, and the contrasts between the English and Russian civilizations. The author may not be a prophet, but his pages are lively, his descriptions of the country and its people are full of interest, and his estimates of the probable movements of the great northern European power certainly plausible.

THE BOY'S BOOK OF BATTLE LYRICS, by Thos. Dunn English, M. D., LL. D., with historical notes and numerous engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers, 12mo, 188 pp. The author, a member of our Colonial and Revolutionary wars have been selected, their historical incidents given, and the chief events related in a flowing verse or ballad. The whole is happily executed, and affords a particularly attractive volume, especially for our lads. The poems have appeared heretofore in separate publications, and their kindly and handsome embodiment in one volume, is a

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ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, BOSTON, MASS., AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 30, 1885.

The cause of Christ. What a cause! How all other interests of time dwindle before it! What are you doing to defend and sustain it? Are you doing all you honestly believe you ought? Are you doing one half which is your privilege and duty for a cause so great, important and glorious? Do you purpose still to live in such fearful neglect of life's great work? Do you purpose to die in the way you are now living? Pause and think what the end will be. The day of reckoning is near at hand; and then—what? Think of the unfaithful and unprofitable servant, and what was said to him by the Master. Oh, arise, shake off your slumbers, gird yourself anew for the work, give your whole being to the cause, and the reward of the good and faithful servant shall be yours forever!

Opportunities for self-improvement and usefulness lie along the paths of life like flowers growing by the wayside. But he who wills to profit by them must pick and use them, because they are as the roses of which Bryant sang:

"If man come not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among their foliage;
They cannot seek his hand."
Alas! how many neglected opportunities lie, like faded foliage, in the past of every human life. One cannot review them without blushes of shame and sighs of regret. But sighing cannot make them other than lost opportunities. Yet, if one's regret be honest, it will be a spur to the faithful use of such opportunities as still lie about one's path, and concerning which the voice of Inspiration is saying, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might!"

Motes and earth-worms burrow and thrive in darkness under the ground, but men are so made that light is essential to their lives and happiness. Hence no sane man shuts out the light of heaven from his dwelling. Yet there is in many a moral insanity which moves them to resolutely close their souls against that divine light which is as essential to their mental peace and joy as sunlight is to their bodily well-being. They prefer walking in darkness and tramping on truth and duty to walking in the light and enjoying that forgiveness of sin and that cleansing from all unrighteousness to which that divine light leads. O self-blinded souls! Who can estimate what their folly costs them here? Who can even imagine what it will cost them in the hereafter? Milton pictures the present difference between one who walks in the light and one who walks in darkness in these expressive lines:

"He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Blinded walks under the midday sun;
Himself is his own dungeon!"

Would the self-blinded man see what awaits him in the hereafter? Let him study Christ's picture of the rich man and Lazarus as they were after death!

It is a significant fact that the salutations of two of the nations most remote from Christian influence, contain, the one an assertion, the other an intimation, of two of the essential principles of the Christian system. The Russian and Asiatic Tartar, as they extend their hands in greeting, say: "All mankind are brothers." The Lapp, isolated within the Arctic Circle, subdued by a stronger race, by whom he is deceived and oppressed, asks of the stranger at the fair, to whom he sells his fish and reindeer: "Is peace still maintained on the earth?" The Tartar has no subjective knowledge of Christianity. The Lapp has been compulsorily baptized; but the priest who compelled him, and the merchant who enslaves him, intercept his view of the Prince of Peace, and prevent his conception of the religion whose legend is: "Peace on earth, good will to men." Yet the day is at hand when the messengers of this Prince will be in the path of the Tartar and the Lapp. To the former they can say: Yes, verily. Our Lord said to His disciples and to the multitude: "All ye are brethren." When on earth, His endearing appellation to those

He healed was, "Son, Daughter." It behooved Him to be made like unto His brethren, the first-born among many such; and we are heirs, joint-heirs with Him, the Elder Brother; for He is not ashamed to call us brethren. From the beginning His disciples have constituted a household of faith and of God—one family in heaven and earth. We are exhorted to unfeigned love of our Christian brethren; and our love for them is a proof that we have passed from the kingdom of evil into the kingdom of good. To the latter they can say: Yes, His kingdom is coming. The nations shall beat their swords into ploughshares, they shall not lift their swords against one another, neither shall they learn any more. They shall no more hurt nor destroy. The whole earth shall be at rest. They shall break forth into singing. The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever. This people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, in sure dwellings, in quiet resting-places. The meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One. Great shall be the peace of His children. Love, joy, peace, are the fruits of His Spirit. Peace He gives unto us; it is to keep our hearts and minds; and we are to have peace among ourselves. The God of peace is to sanctify us wholly. He is our Peace.

There is no gift nor virtue that is not included in the Christian life, and recognized in the Christian system. Christ draws all men unto Him by virtue of specific spiritual attraction. The particular good that resides in them, their tribe, their race, finds affinity with the like good in Him; and thus He is the Son of Man, to whom every nation and people acknowledge a moral kinship.

THE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The public library is now becoming the favorite posthumous beneficiary of our men of wealth. It has hardly been esteemed heretofore respectable in the vicinity of Boston for a man of fortune to die without leaving a bequest to Harvard University and the Massachusetts General Hospital. The city and town library, however, is now sharing liberally in these generous appropriations. The college requires too considerable a sum in our days to be often adequately endowed by one patron, but the library can be established, and be quite amply appointed, from the accumulations of one public-spirited citizen, and be made to be his most permanent and honorable monument.

Every town of any size in our New England and Northern States either has, or will soon have, this people's university, through the individual gift of a generous citizen, or by public establishment. This general gathering of large bodies of books, in all our principal towns, opened freely to all ages, can but produce a manifest influence for good or evil in the community. The familiar and forcible response to the objection made to the establishment of so many small colleges in the land rather than to a concentration of money and talent in a few abundantly endowed institutions, is, that the "freshwater institutions," so called, bring the opportunities for a liberal culture near to thousands who would not otherwise be prompted to make the incident sacrifices to secure an advanced education. The immediate presence itself of the institution is an inspiration to study. So the presence of these numerous libraries, with their wide-opened doors and their attractive shelves, becomes a powerful incitement to those who otherwise would hardly think of seeking enjoyment or profit in reading. The statistics of these city and town libraries fully confirm this *a priori* presumption as to their influence in awakening and cultivating an interest in books among all classes in the community.

And this influence of books is a very powerful one. It is more subtle than human companionship. The latter strongly affects and moulds the character; but books reach us at lower depths; they impress us more profoundly; they touch our whole being—intellect, heart and executive purpose; they imperceptibly create, or modify, our ethical standards; they become our models of life; they lay hold of our highest and most sacred sentiments, and color our views of the life beyond. It can but be, when the circulation of these volumes reaches nearly all our families, and enters into the thoughts and impulses of every day of the year, that manifest results for the better or the worse should follow. Many have been honestly anxious in reference to the result of the experiment. The public press has sent out serious forebodings from the pens of those who have taken depressing views of the matter, and alarming tracts have been published, giving distressing criticisms upon the contents of certain libraries, the nature of special volumes found upon the shelves, and the amount of circulation of works of fiction or of the most elevating or even wholesome character.

To this we answer that there were very criticisms, whether well-founded or not, have not been without their influence in calling attention to the su-

pervision of these institutions. Their trustees are usually among the most intelligent of our citizens. Their officers are cultivated gentlemen and ladies, clearly apprehending the relation of the library to the intellectual and moral development of the community and its true office in administering to the improvement as well as enjoyment of its patrons. It is, more and more, becoming an educating, rather than simply an entertaining, institution. It is more widely recognized that it is not intended to be a competitor with the circulating library, but rather an antagonist to it, winning the patrons of the former to the reading and study of a higher order of literature. While the majority of library managers do not take the extreme ground that has been strongly advocated by some quite intelligent supervisors of libraries, that the public funds should not be used for the purchase of fiction, which may be considered an intellectual luxury, but only for improving and educating literature, they do seek both to carefully sift the lighter literature, securing the best and the purest, and at the same time, through their accomplished officers, in the use of every available agency of the press, the teachers of schools, the leaders of public opinion, the parents of the young people, to awaken a taste for regular and substantial courses of reading in the various departments of science, history and belles-lettres. The success that has attended their efforts in this direction is full of encouragement. Our superintendents and librarians do not simply remain at their desks or stand behind their tables to respond to calls for books, but make themselves felt in the community, aiding in the investigations of students, assisting in the search of authorities for facts and illustrations, suggesting plans for interesting the youthful readers in scientific studies, and calling attention to the rich accumulations upon the library shelves.

The annual reports are constantly showing improvement in the character of the reading—a gradual decrease in the lighter works and an increase in the call for books of art and science, of travel and biography, of poetry, philosophy and history. A significant falling off in the number of books taken out in many places is noticed, while the patronage of the library itself is manifestly increased. The works that are now selected are substantial, requiring thought and time in reading; they cannot be hurried over in a day like the light novel; and hence the decrease in the number of the volumes read is a most gratifying evidence of improvement in the quality of the reading.

The library is becoming the effectual competitor of the superficial news and story papers. Their name is legion. They assault the eye with their staring illustrations, and tempt the reader by their cheapness. Especially at the close of the week supplies of this trash, with periodical sheets of a little higher order, but still of a superficial character, have been, heretofore, laid in for the hours of respite from labor on the Sabbath. This light, disconnected, desultory reading, carried on through all the unoccupied hours of the week, while it secures a smattering of intelligence, can but be of a very vicious intellectual tendency, not to speak of its moral influence. The free library and reading-room offer, without expense, the perusal of the best periodical literature in the land, and permit and tempt their patrons to secure for the unemployed hours of the approaching Sabbath works of deep interest and of an improving character.

We are confident, therefore, that this multiplication of well-selected and constantly growing bodies of standard and current literature is full of promise of good, and, as generally managed among us, is attended with small and readily corrected evils; it is inspiring the establishment of literary and scientific clubs, awakening the ambition and inventive spirit of our mechanics, encouraging a liberal and cultivating course of reading among our school students, and affording an immeasurable amount of pure and refining enjoyment throughout the community. We look upon it as one of the significant and powerful elements of a higher and general civilization and culture, and prophetic of even better things in the future.

"TO BE—OR NOT TO BE."

It was one hundred and fifty-three years ago that George Washington was born. At that time, and ever before that time, every human being now living on earth, was not. Of all the fourteen hundred millions, more or less, at present inhabiting this planet, not one of them was then born. Also, it may be reasonably supposed that but few of these countless millions cherish any regret that their birth had taken place. Man's great Creator seems once to have wished that the

whole human race itself had not been born into existence, and asserted that their birth "grieved Him at His heart." How this most dreadful regret of the divine mind should be interpreted, is not to be here inquired into. But of individual men themselves, few only have seemed to sorrow over their birthdays, while, if there may have been many such instances, they have failed to appear in history.

Job, however, was a solitary example, and seemed to have cursed the day in which he was born, and wished that the self-same day had perished—could have dropped out of the calendar, never to be numbered among the days. Also, Jeremiah once wrote: "Cursed be the day when I was born!" We could wish that the old prophet did not write those dreadful words of himself, but we could never tell satisfactorily his meaning. The reader does not forget the very mournful declaration of Christ relating to poor Judas Iscariot. He was a fallen man; and to the remaining eleven said the Master: "It had been good for that man if he had never been born!"

These simple statements affecting remind us of that remarkable passage of Voltaire, giving expression to his wish that he had never been born. Such was his language as he approached the close of his life; and he then proceeded to add: "Who can, without horror, consider the whole world as the empire of destruction? It abounds with wonders; it abounds, also, with victims. It is a vast field of carnage and contagion. Every species is, without pity, pursued and torn to pieces through the earth and air and water. In man there is more wretchedness than in all other animals put together. He loves life, yet he knows that he must die. If he enjoys a transient good, he suffers various evils; and is, at last, devoured by worms. This knowledge is his fatal prerogative. All other animals have it not. He spends this transient moment of his existence in diffusing the miseries he suffers, in cutting the throats of his fellow creatures for pay, in cheating and being cheated, in robbing and being robbed, in serving that he might command, and in repenting of all he does. The bulk of mankind are a crowd of wretches equally criminal and unfortunate; and the globe contains rather carcasses than men. I tremble, in view of this dreadful picture, to find it contains a complaint against Providence itself; and I wish I had never been born!"

Haliburton, on the other hand, is in full view of death. "Oh, blessed be God that I was born!" said he; "I have a father and mother and ten brothers and sisters in heaven, and I shall be the eleventh. Oh, there is a telling in this Providence, and I shall be telling it forever. If there be such a glory in His conduct toward me now, what will it be to see the Lamb in the midst of the throne? Blessed be God that ever I was born!"

Also, with the great apostle, to be born, or not to be born, was not a question. "For me to live is Christ, to die is gain." He is ready to be offered. No wishes for non-existence are with him. Luminous and gay are his joyous remembrances: "I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith." Glancing onward, there was no "dread of something after death," no scruples about some "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." "There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

A large audience gathered in Tremont Temple last Tuesday evening to listen to Governor Long and Senator Blair of New Hampshire, and all present were well repaid for their attendance. Senator Blair had his subject well in hand. He referred in opening to the progress of the cause during the century, to the enormity of the evil still impending—its amazing statistics to-day. As to what is to be done next, he urged that the same moral and social agencies which have been so successful, were to be earnestly pressed to their consummation. Happily public opinion has been convinced of the ruinous influence and unmitigated evil of rum-drinking and the traffic in it. This the past has done for us. "The demon has been tried and condemned in the highest court—the court of public opinion"—and the traffic is doomed and shall be destroyed. The work of the execution of this penalty is now assigned to us. The Senator went on to show the absolute inefficiency, as well as immorality, of license, and urged that State prohibition was not adequate to the care of the evil. There must be national prohibition also. He affirmed that if the temperance sentiment of the land was true to itself and properly developed, insisting upon pledged men as its candidates for office, a two-thirds Congressional vote for national prohibition could be easily secured in Congress. He deprecated the movement of a third party as offering no promise of securing at an early day any adequate representation in Congress, while by working through the great existing parties, forcing into their ranks prohibitory men, watching the preliminary meetings for this purpose, a majority of prohibitory men could be obtained in both Houses of Congress and in our State Legislatures for the passing of prohibitory legislation and securing the submission to the people of constitutional

amendments. Mr. Blair's speech was very ably reasoned and produced a strong impression upon the audience.

Miss Frances E. Willard's address at the Centennial Conference in Philadelphia was, as might have been expected, a thoughtful and eloquent one, strongly impressing the audience. She gave a rapid sketch of the astonishing change in public sentiment in the century, the positive results which have been gained, the relation of the reform to all the advances in all departments of knowledge and society, and the imminent steps now logically being taken. Nothing short of prohibition now can be endured—the saloons must go. Certain party changes with varied platforms she thought to be less: at hand. Woman's vote, securing the well-ordered State on the model of the well-ordered home, she believed, would be found indispensable. Bartholomew's State of Liberty has a woman's form and depicts his mother's face. It will be lifted to pedestal before the close of our first temperance century, and will symbolize liberty according to law.

"Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With wrathful limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman, with a torch whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles!"

The "Chauntiqua Idea" is a constant evolution. There seem to be no immediate limits to its possibilities. It was first a projected Sunday-school convention; then it became a Sunday-school normal institute; soon it developed into a great reading school, stretching through the year and embracing the whole country; and later it had grown into the proportions of a popular university, covering all departments of knowledge, and carried on by correspondence under expert teachers, with examinations and graduating diplomas. One of its latest literary devices is the establishment of a publishing press bearing its name, availing itself of the abundant material resources and rare excellence of execution of the printing establishment of Rand, Avery & Co., in this city. Among the earliest instalments of its publications we find on our table a very neat book of books, containing four volumes of the size and style of the Aldine editions, severely and attractively neat as to paper, type and binding. These volumes are—"Readings from Ruskin," by Prof. Rogers of Yale College; "Readings from Macaulay," with Introduction by Donald G. Mitchell; "Art and the Formation of Taste," by Lucy Crane, with Introduction by C. G. Wainwright of the *Springfield Republican*; and "The Life and Works of Michael Angelo," by Charles Christopher Black. This is an admirable selection for the cultivation of a literary taste, as well as very attractive and inspiring in itself. The volumes are of 16mo. of from 200 to 270 pages, and are sold for \$3 a set. The issue is called the *Garnet Series*, and will be followed by other equally interesting and instructive books. The publishing house of Rand, Avery & Co. have executed their portion of the work in a manner amply worthy of the high reputation already won by their superior professional skill.

The grand remaining diabolism of our land and century is the rum traffic. In language expressly employed in regard to another evil by John Wesley, it is "the sum of all villainies." In that great crime against society all the other domestic crimes he snugly curled up and ready to spring upon their helpless and un-armed victims. The progress of the great evil, even in the blazing light of the nineteenth century, is appalling. So far from extinguishing the vice, the very forces of our advanced civilization are made tributary to it. Science tells how to make liquors more vile and fatal. Invention has made a new distribution of population inevitable, and the great associations have occasioned more dangerous sources of temptation. In some of its aspects the state of society appears more hopeless than ever. While the right and the pure have taken on better armor, evils, like that of intemperance, have received advantage from the very progress against which they war.

On the 25th and 26th of September, the friends of temperance held a Continental Conference in Tremont Temple, Boston. The weather was fine, the attendance good, and the various wings of the army were represented by able and attractive speakers who recounted the achievements of the century. Dr. Dorchester, who suggested the celebration, was prominent in the gatherings, presiding at the opening session and giving the benediction at the closing. His address was a masterpiece of eloquence and luminous papers. Dr. Chickering spoke for the "Massachusetts Temperance Society." Edward Thompson gave reminiscences of the Washingtonian movement; Ben. R. Jewell spoke for the Sons of Temperance, and E. H. Clapp for the Temple of Honor. Dr. Miner defended the Temperance Alliance; Rev. E. S. Foster commended the Total Abstinence Society; A. G. Lawson dealt with temperance in its relations to literature; and Mary Livermore spoke with her usual eloquence and good sense on woman's work in this field. Then followed Mary H. Hunt, in most impressive words, on scientific instruction in temperance; Miss E. S. Tobey, in behalf of the Massachusetts Women's Christian Temperance Union; Mrs. M. O. Stevens on the Christian Woman's Pious League; Rev. E. F. Merriam on the effect of the dram-shop on labor; Dr. A. J. Gordon indicated the work of the church; Drs. Thayer, Twombly and Bishop Paddock dwelt on temperance in Massachusetts, the work of the future, and the service performed by the Law and Order League.

The multiplied divisions among the temperance workers, as above indicated, are deprecated by some of the friends of the cause. But we are not to forget that these very divisions have proved a means of agitation; and agitation is, as yet, the great need of the cause. Laws can do nothing for us until public sentiment is correct. For some time to come, as in the past, we shall need to agitate. This preliminary discussion will not prevent the consummation of the work. In his endeavor to repulse the invasion of Lee, Gen. Meade threw out his forces in a fan shape, extending from the Potomac to York, Pa. The wings of that noble army were drawn far asunder and skirmishes were carried on at various points; but when the main engagement came on, the whole army was concentrated at Gettysburg and the victory won. So when the nip of battle shall come in this conflict with rum, the various regiments in this temperance army will converge to the centre of the fight.

In this Centennial Conference, woman held

a prominent and honored place. Mrs. Hunt has the elegance of Frances Willard and the solid sense and physique of Mrs. Livermore; Miss Tobey has a musical voice and a gentle spirit which will win all hearts; Mrs. Stevens gave a paper full of sharp and shrewd hits; and Mrs. Foster carried all who heard by her enthusiasm and eloquence. As speakers the women bore off the palm, and yet no one of them was called to preside at any of the sessions. What was the committee thinking of in making this great omission?

The Conference made clear the gains of the cause during the century, and cannot have failed to re-enforce the temperance sentiment and to give fresh courage to the apostles and workers in the great cause.

Personal and Miscellaneous.

Dr. W. H. H. Pillsbury, late of the Iowa Conference, well known in New England, was transferred, at its session just closed, to North Nebraska Conference, and stationed at Fullerton.

The General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church will open its session for 1886 at the Mission Rooms, 805 Broadway, New York city, on Thursday, Nov. 5, at 10 A. M.

Bishop Foss said at the late Des Moines Conference, that, in a Norwegian Conference he once held, which had under its pastoral care but 2,200 members, the pastors reported 2,400 subscribers to the great cause. This wonderful result was secured by each pastor making an earnest effort to place a copy in every Norwegian family, whether in or out of the church.

The officers of the American Branch of the Evangelical Mission of France, under the Rev. Mr. McAllister, the third number of their quarterly publication, containing a full and very encouraging report of the last annual meeting in this country, and of the progress of the work. Copies can be obtained of the treasurer, Miss Frances Lee, 1622 Locust St., Philadelphia.

Bishop Mallie left town Tuesday, the 29th, to attend his fall Conference in the Southern States. He will return to be present at the meeting of the Missionary Committee, in New York in November. His address from this time forward, will be, 38 Natchez St., New Orleans, La. Letters sent there will be forwarded to him wherever he may be.

The annual meeting of the National Prison Association will be held this year in the city of Detroit, Mich. It will open Oct. 17, and continue through the 21st. A full and very interesting programme of exercises has been arranged, covering all the practical questions in prison economy and discipline, and involving some that are now of peculiar importance, like contract labor and the employment of prisoners. Leading experts and professional and public men have been engaged to read papers and deliver addresses. The occasion will be one of great interest. Any information desired can be obtained of R. V. W. M. F. Round, secretary, 65 Bible House, New York city.

Dr. Asbury Lowry, editor of *Divine Life* and author of "Possibilities of Grace," has returned to New York after an absence of a month attending meetings and the Cincinnati Conference of which he is a member. He wishes us to say that this absence accounts for the lack of promptness in answering calls for service and filling orders for *Divine Life* and "Possibilities of Grace." He is now at home and ready to answer the calls for spreading a pure and exalting literature, in opposition to the novel, the infidel book, the Sunday newspaper, and other debasing reading. Address him at 805 Broadway, New York city.

The *Art Amateur* for October has for its frontispiece a striking group study of a "Mother and Child," by Lorrichou. Large space is given in the art notes to the remarkable collection of pictures belonging to the estate of the late Mrs. Mary J. Morgan, which is soon to be sold at auction. A list of her pictures, costing more than a million of dollars, is given. There is a paper on the Boston Art Museum, and one upon "How to Paint Architecture," with the usual variety in the various departments of household art.

We had a pleasant call from Rev. T. W. Smith, ed. of the *Westeyan*, the eastern or Canadian Methodist. The paper is edited with marked ability, the editor showing fine skill and excellent taste in giving the striking thoughts gleaned from his exchanges. We are glad to know that the paper is appreciated by our brethren of the Dominion, as it certainly ought to be.

Congratulations are in order for the young man who so promptly and faithfully sends out Zion's Herald from the mailing room every week. A handsome card informs us that Mr. Percy H. Hadley and Miss Mary L. Joy were married on Wednesday, Sept. 23, by Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon. The young people have our best wishes for their success and happiness.

Senator H. W. Blair of New Hampshire, said to an interviewer of the *New York Tribune*, that he proposed to bring forward in the Senate during the coming session his old hobby—education and prohibition. He also intimated that it was his purpose to make life a burden to the Republican party for the next six years by his persistence in forcing it to take high ground upon these vital measures. Tens of thousands in the country will pray for his abundant success in this important work.

Root & Tinker issue a striking plate of Noah Webster, "The Schoolmaster of the Republic," with illustrations from his first edition of the dictionary which he published, and a view of the last edition of his notable spelling-book issued from the press of the Appleton's for a background. It will be a fine and appropriate ornament for the school-room.

The *Sanitarian* for September has an article by Dr. Richardson upon "The Hygienic Treatment of Pulmonary Consumption." Sir Henry Thompson writes upon "Diet in Relation to Age and Activity." Dr. W. T. Parker, U. S. Marine Service, shows "The Necessity of Pure Bovine Virus." Dr. W. H. Watkins has a valuable article upon "Cholera, its Past and Lessons for the Present." There is a timely article upon "Rags"—national and international danger from them; with an excellent editor's table.

quell mobs. Admiral Ammen has a capital paper of recollections of Grant. There is a symposium of friendly and critical writers upon the "President's Policy," and a number of short comments upon previous communications.

The under-education announces the death of the truly venerable and revered Earl of Shaftesbury. He bore the divine, as well as the human, stamp of nobility. He was born the first year of the century. For a long period he has stood as the constant English representative of all the broadest and most humane of the charitable and moral institutions of the land. His palace has been open, and his countenance given, in aid of every enterprise that promised to benefit his fellow-men at home and abroad. Here, just after the issue and early success of "Uncle Tom," Mrs. Stowe found a hearty recognition. It has been a standing, presiding officer in the popular Exeter Hall meetings for the benefit of all forms of Christian charity and reform. His name, as embodied in generous deeds and tender sympathies, has been long known in all portions of the earth. It is a blessed record of a consecrated services, in one of the highest circles in human society, that this devoted nobleman is enabled to leave behind him. His full title is Anthony Ashley-Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

Last week terminated the earthly life of an excellent man, who, although his course has been eminently quiet, exerting little public attention, has constantly been engaged in acts of kindness and charity to his fellow-men. Wm. R. Lawrence, M. D., eldest son of the late revered Amos A. Lawrence—the head of the well-known great manufacturing firm of A. & A. Lawrence;—and brother of the present Amos A. Lawrence, esq., died in his summer residence by the seaside. He secured a fine professional education in this country and Europe as a physician, but he availed himself of it only to increase his opportunity for doing good. He has been connected with many charitable societies. We became familiarly acquainted with him as a trustee of the Industrial School at Lancaster, Mass. He was ever ready to proffer service to the poor, and his heart was as full of compassion and sympathy as needed. His delightful biography of his father has been an inspiration and a benediction to many young Christian merchants. He studied the details of the charitable institutions of France, and published a very interesting and suggestive volume giving an account of his observations. His social position and wealth were consecrated to the highest purposes. Without ostentatiousness, he was ever the consistent, devoted disciple of his chosen Master. Our tenderest sympathies are with his bereaved family in this hour of their great sorrow. Death is a gain to the departed, but what a vacancy it creates in a loving domestic circle!

"The Journal of Education" has this appreciative and discriminating notice of the work of Dr. George M. Steele upon "Political Economy:" "Dr. Steele simplifies the science and art of political economy. He makes it practical for people young and old, by the home study of the principles involved in productive and consumptive agencies; in capital and labor; in production and distribution of forces; in the law of exchange; protection of commerce; protection; free trade; money; credit; banks; and the like; wages; duties and cheap; profits; interest; rent and taxation. The definitions are clear, distinctive, sharp, philosophy discriminating, assertions guarded. It is one of the best text-books ever offered by the C. L. C. C. Council."

Dr. W. S. Stedley has been transferred to the Detroit Conference, and is stationed in the Central M. E. Church of the city of Detroit. This is one of the largest churches in the denomination, having a membership of eight hundred and a very fine house of worship. It is noted for its faith and good works.

Last week, Rev. John T. Burritt, a venerable clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, died in Chelsea, Mass., after a short illness. He was formerly a member of the New England Conference, a native of Lynn, of popular gifts and much esteemed. He supplied the independent Methodist Church at Quincy for some time, and then entered the ministry in which he finished his career. He was for a decade rector of Christ Church at North End, and closed his ministry some years since at St. Luke's in Chelsea. He was a good man, of fine pleasing address. Our remembrance of him when he was in Quincy is very grateful. He was born just as the last century was closing.

Boston lost one of her most accomplished ministers last week—Rev. Rufus Ellis, D. D. He died in England, just as he was about to embark with his family, after a European tour, for his home. For nearly a third of a century he has been the pastor of the First Church (Unitarian), although the church and its minister is connected with the Unitarian Association. He was a man of noble and attractive presence, a fine scholar, of marked literary taste, a pleasing speaker, gathering around him a cultivated audience who were greatly attracted to him. He died in the prime of his maturity—66 years of age—and his loss will be deeply felt by a large circle of personal and denominational friends.

The biographies of the great General will be rapidly multiplied, while his memory is fresh in the recollections of his countrymen. B. B. Russell, the Corhill publisher, issues one from the pen of Rev. P. C. Headley, supplemented by Geo. Lowell Austin. It is written in the well-known flowery style of the author, who is enthusiastic over his subject, and has taken great pains to collect and authenticate his facts. It gives a vivid picture of the life, education, military experience, and great battles of Gen. Grant, with an account of his administration of the government, his round-the-world tour, and his pathetic incidents of his sickness and death. The volume is abundantly illustrated. It is sold for \$1.50 in English cloth, and for \$2 half bound in Russia.

We have received a copy of the *Blue Ridge Enterprise*, of Webster, N. C., giving an account of the opening religious services—quite a unique idea—of a new town on the Western North Carolina Railroad. It is founded by Dr. Clark Whitler, of California, who has purchased 60,000 acres of land and commenced laying out a village. It is to bar his own name Whitler. Provision is made in all the deeds to prevent the manufacture or sale of spirituous and malt liquors in the town, or within a radius of ten miles in every direction. At the laying of the corner-stone of the new town prayer was offered, and a short sermon preached by Rev. W. H. Cooper. This was certainly a hopeful beginning, and every lover of his race will wish the greatest success to the rising township.

Of the many healing waters that bubble up to so marvelous valley that has made Saratoga so celebrated, one of the latest opened bids fair to become one of the most popular and useful. This is the Victory Spring, its waters have not the strong saline elements of the noted cathartic springs, nor the iron or sulphur of others, but are marked by the predominance of alkaline properties—soda, magnesia, lime, lithia, etc. It is unequalled as a tonic and diuretic, and becomes an angel of grace to weak, acid, and dyspeptic stomachs.

The Family.

A SONG OF THE NIGHT.

O Christian! murmur not
Though earthly joys depart;
Remember who ordains thy cheerful lot;
Oh! trust His heart.

Think of the crown of thorns,
Think of the wealful tree,
Think of the shame, the mockery and scorn,
He bore for thee.

See the red drops that start
From his forehead and side;
Think of the bitter cry, the breaking heart;
For thee He died.

Trust Him through every loss,
Trust Him when'er he fails;
That loving heart that bore the torturing cross
Drapes thee all.

In sorrow's darkest day
Embrace His all and will;
Though He should take thy precious things
Away.

Oh! trust Him still.
Thou knowest not the end,
Thou canst not see thy way;
To Him the path, and whither it shall lead,
Are clear as day.

Be sure His will is right,
Be sure He loveth still;
He leads thee upward, through the storm and night,
To Zion's hill.

Then, when thy task is o'er,
When toil and sorrow cease,
Thou shalt sit at His right hand,
Where all is peace.

—ELLEN WYNN, in *Christian Union*.

IS IT A "NEGLECTED SCIENCE?"

BY A TEACHER.

MR. EDITOR: Now that tired school-masters have returned from their summer rest, with renewed souls, minds and bodies for a fresh start, will you please give one of them a chance to "speak in meeting" through your paper? The spirit has been moving me to do so ever since I read in a June number, "The Neglected Science," delivered at the late Commencement of Boston University.

It has come to be a common thing to read, in one form or another, similar statements as to the lack of moral training in the public schools: "Modern educators have legislated for the brain alone. . . . What laws have been passed for the heart? . . . They are schooled in the three R's and kindred sciences, but not in righteousness. . . . The heart, from which are the issues of life, is left to chance for its instruction. . . . the practical educator says, 'We have no time in the public schools for heart culture.'" etc.

This same essayist says also: "What are the most urgent practical needs of to-day? What are the laws of trade? Honesty, truth, justice." So that we are left in no doubt as to the meaning of the sentences above. Her complaint against the public schools is, not like that of the Catholics, that they neglect sectarian instruction, but that they neglect "honesty, truth, justice."

I have noticed that articles containing similar charges have, so far as I know, been invariably written by persons of no very widely extended experience or observation in the schools they condemn. When I take up an educational journal I find earnest discussions as to ways and means for carrying on this same heart-culture, in honesty, justice and truth. In the account of the graduating exercises of the Worcester Normal School, I find among the titles of the thirty-three theses presented by the graduating class, the following: "Moral Education of Children," "Gymnastics in Our Schools," "Use of Psychology to the Teacher," "Motives Used in Schools," "Relation of the Teacher to the Moral Education of the Pupils," "Suggestions in regard to Training the Will," "The Study of Children," "Discipline," "The Child and the Human Race," "Ball Play as a School Gymnastic," "School Influence," "Physical Exercise." More than one-third of the whole number of these relate almost entirely to heart and body culture, and many of the others refer to education in its three-fold significance. Surely, Principal Russell may be called a "practical educator," yet he has evidently never told those thirty-three young women that they would find no time to care for the hearts of their pupils!

In those times of weariness and discouragement that I suppose must come now and then to every one who loves her work and longs for the highest, truest success in it, I have sometimes taken a Saturday morning to visit the Model School of the Framingham Normal School, and I can most thankfully say that I have never failed to renew that inspiration which opens a teacher's heart in love to her little ones, and which seldom, indeed, fails to meet some response from them. When I have heard the principal of this same Normal School and the principal of its Model School address conventions of teachers, I have wished that pastors and Sunday-school teachers, and Christian fathers and mothers as well, might hear their earnest, loving words.

For ten years I have been a teacher in the public schools of Massachusetts, and during eight years I have taught in crowded buildings, where I have had opportunity of observing the work of many teachers. Although I have never known an instance of sectarian work in school, I have seen much growth in honesty, truth, justice, and that supreme heart-grace, charity.

The following are a few cases from many:

One boy, who was possessed by a desire to hurt other children, to such an extent that his mother could not leave him in the room with his baby brother, came to school at the usual school age, five years. His mother said, in my presence, that the physician had told her that the boy's trouble was insanity; that he would not live many years; and that if he should live to enter his teens, they would be obliged to confine him in an insane asylum. The teachers thought that his evil propensities had been aggravated by unwise home treatment, and they faithfully set themselves to do all in their power to save him. The primary teacher, a woman with a heart full of love and patience, and with several years' experience in primary work, had the task of taking Bertie through the

first three years of his school-life. Can you imagine that task? To bear with a child who had been accustomed to be told, "You don't mind nothing!" followed by a thrashing from the father and the remark from the mother, "Well, the doctor says he can't live more'n two or three years."

The teacher's task was to make him feel that she loved him, and yet that he could not take advantage of her love; to be firm and steady and gentle when his eyes glared with what indeed seemed insane rage, and, hardest of all, to teach the other children to pity and love him too, while protecting him from them, and them from him! This in a room of forty children.

The boy has been kept in school, and now, in his sixth school-year, is less troublesome than many children I have known. From bidding fair to be a Jesse Pomeroy, it seems probable that he may grow up a responsible, law-abiding citizen. Evil passions, a propensity to steal, and a habit of using the vilest language, have been combated in his case with so much of success, and all the while in spite of the home current of inefficiency and passion.

In the same school, under the same teachers, was a boy who was searched for missing articles, and from his person were taken several things besides those looked for—among them a stolen watch. This was in the primary school. An older brother of the little fellow was in prison for house-breaking. This boy was kept in school seven years, and since then has, as I hear, led an industrious life. During the last two years of his school course he was in my room. One day I missed a curious little weight that we had just received for use in the arithmetic class. I immediately told the children that the little weight was missing. In a few minutes he asked permission to leave the room, and when he came in he stopped behind my desk and handed me the weight, saying that he found it "out-dore." Was it no gain that the boy conquered his desire to keep the key, even if he did try to conceal the fact that he took it?

In the same school was a boy whose mother was arrested for stealing. They were of the very lowest Irish. In that school Johnnie learned to love Longfellow's poetry, so that an old copy given him by the teacher was his greatest treasure. Under the teacher's guidance he took from the public library the best books of history and travel instead of blood-and-murder stories.

Among our new scholars one term was a boy who had been carefully taught at home the usages of polite society, and who was bright and good-natured in school, but whose heart was sadly corrupt. One day the master of the building came into the school-room, and stopping the work of the school, told the children that he had just received a complaint that on their playground—a vacant lot at a little distance from the school—there had been by at least one of their number—he was afraid by more—a great deal of obscene and profane talk, and that, on that account, the request had come that he should forbid their playing there.

Then, kindly, solemnly, they were shown how the sin of a few can bring suffering on many. "I have enjoyed going there with you," said the kind master, "and we have played ball together there and had good times, but now we must give that up; and every child felt the sin the more because the master felt it with them. Then, in few words, they were made to feel, in their childish way, that the deprivation was because of wrong done, and I was glad my children had had so earnest a lesson. I believe they were a little nearer seeing God for the master's efforts to make and keep them pure in heart.

In another school was a girl who came from the poor-house, and who added to habits of stealing, lying and profanity, an ugly temper. Flora is now herself a public school teacher, and every particle of help she has had has been received through the public school, the teachers in them, and the public instruction which supplied to her the place of parents.

But enough! Let us learn, in the interest of justice, truth and honesty, to make sure of our facts before we condemn. Even granting that the moral instruction in school is left to chance, chance itself is constantly forcing the moral needs of the children to the front, and the most effective teaching is that steady object-training called forth by the needs of every day.

An honest, conscientious teacher cannot fail to impress her own character in some degree on the children; a dishonest teacher will prove a curse to them; and that it is the constant, earnest, prayerful aim of the Framingham Normal School to send honest, faithful teachers into our public schools, I know. I do not doubt it of the other training schools of the United States.

That our schools, with all their imperfections do, as a rule, will neglect the mental, moral or physical culture of the children entrusted to them, cannot be honestly said by any one who has closely and carefully observed their work in a sufficient number of cases to warrant a generalization.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BY L. W.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'

Yes, Whittier, you are right; and, especially is it true of the late camp-meeting.

Let the preachers and presiding elders chronicle the regrets or rejoicing in regard to the spiritual aspects of the meeting; I only speak of it as relating to the physical man—or woman.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that it might have been a warm, pleasant, breezy, balmy week when we went to the grove, but I certainly keep within truth's bounds when I say that no such style of weather prevailed.

Then, again, we might have carried to camp hoods, and tippets, and mittens, furs, and leggings, and arctic over-shoes; we might have carried loads of bedding, blankets and quilts, and quilts—most of us had them at home safely sequestered from the buffalo bug; we might have added to our baggage soap-stones and sand bags and water bottles, but, alas! such rare providence and forethought belonged to the few. Most of us consulted the almanac and provided ourselves with raiment made of cambric, percale, muslin, and other fabrics supposed to be appropriate to the season. What we suffered no newspaper can tell!

We wore several pairs of hose if our shoes would admit; we doubled our underclothing, and wore our outer garments day and night. As one after another froze out and went home, the survivors borrowed their spare clothing and put it on regardless of size or color. One esthetic sister altered the circle with black skirt, buff polonaise, cardinal jacket, scarlet stockings, gray shawl, and hat trimmed with light blue! She was resplendent, but not warm.

"Are you not freezing?" asked one lady of another, who was darning an arctic morning in a white cambric.

"No, I froze long ago."

Comforting, indeed, was the sight of those few preternaturally wise mortals who in time of peace prepared for war. One sister drew on a pair of woolen leggings and sat triumphantly through a "whole preaching" without fear of the icy August blast which swept under the seats of the auditorium. Another listened to a sermon through the voluminous folds of the scarlet nubia which she had wound round and round her head. I saw one woman with her hands encased in mittens, and a brother drove to the grounds in a pair of vestible shoes, given him last winter to drive to a distant appointment. Verily, wisdom did not die with Venice!

Most aggravating of all things—worse, even than the thought of the feast of warm flannel at home—was the sight of the frumpy that we brought—muslin dresses, white sacques, fans, parasols, hammocks, and the like. These for the most of the time we kept out of sight as painful reminders of warmer days.

But even this view of the meeting was not wholly discouraging. It was pleasing to see how comfortable we could make ourselves under these adverse circumstances. It taught us many expedients which may yet be useful in our homes, gave us a lively sense of gratitude for the blessing of fire, and proved to us that life was still endurable even in the dim twilight of the summer kitchens with the shutters carefully closed. So we went smiling around, making plans for next summer, which, if carried out, will probably give us a reminder of Shadrach & Co.'s furnace.

O my sisters, when you are packing for the next camp-meeting, and remembering with a shiver the lessons of 1885, do not entirely forget the teachings of the camp-thermometer of 1884!

"CAMP-MEETING."

Asbury Grove, Hamilton.

BY WM. JAMES.

Gather'd 'neath the forest giants,
Nature's temple grand and fair,
Fashioned by our Father's fingers
Into beauty everywhere;
Like God's smile, the silver sunlight
Steals the whispering leaves among,
As from old and young uprises,
Lord, to Thee, our pilgrim song.

From our homes in various places,
From the world we turn aside,
That we may, in close communion,
Lord, with Thee awhile abide;
Manifest Thyself unto us,
Though Thy face we may not know,
Let our hearts, like the disciples,
With Thy warm love overflow.

Here our fathers often worshipped;
We are left, but some have gone
From this lower room up higher—
Earth and heaven to Thee are one.
May the songs that here we mingle,
Stealing up the heavenly stair,
Blend with voices that we hear not,
In Thy upper chamber there.

Lord, with Thee upon the mountain,
"It is good" for us to stay,
But the valleys need the toilers,
"We must work while it is day,"
That the harvest may be ready
When the reaping time shall come,
And the heavens be safely garned,
Angels chanting "harvest home."

Our Girls.

THREE RUFFLES AND A PLAINTING.

BY ESTHER CONVERSE.

My story begins when Miss Pillsbury came into the room wearing a black dress. Miss Pillsbury was my nurse. Patiently and tenderly she had watched over me through a dangerous illness, and now during the weary days of convalescence, she was nursing in her attention to an invalid's capricious fancies. I had so often watched her spare, erect form as it moved quietly about the room, that every peculiarity of outline, feature and dress was familiar. When she fastened her collar with a prim bow instead of the old-fashioned pin, I noticed the change. I knew the cuffs with the square corners, and the cuffs with the round corners; the gray dress with the scanty ruffles and plain over-skirt, and the quaint double gown with its odd colors and large flounces; but this black dress I had never seen, and my languid mind was aroused to something like real interest in the new article of apparel.

I counted the ruffles, then the shirtings, and in a vague way tried to estimate the number of times the needle around had stitched her weary way around the skirt. It was too much for my weak nerves, and with an involuntary "Oh dear!" I closed my eyes.

Instantly Miss Pillsbury was by my side.

"What is it?" she asked; "is it the sinking feeling or the numbness?"

"It's neither; it's that dress. You didn't do it yourself?"

"Every stitch of it. I ain't proud of it neither; seems 't if never will wear out."

"How could you?" I asked faintly.

"Well, I don't wonder you ask. I wonder myself. But the thing has been a means of grace to me, so 'twasn't all mispent time."

"Tell me about it, please. I like to hear you talk," I said, coaxing her with this bit of flattery.

"Do you now?" she asked, smoothing down the ruffles. "Tain't much to tell, and it ain't much of a dress, though it cost so dear. Yes, it's cashmere, seventy-five cents a yard, double width; and I paid thirty-seven cents for the buttons and about a dollar for the other fixings. That wasn't what I meant; a good black cashmere's about the cheapest dress you can buy, for it holds its color, and dyes as good as new time and again, and you can generally match it anywhere, which is a great help to folks who try to keep step with the fashions."

"Yes, I'm just going to begin. I bought it down to Porter's, and when I opened out the bundle to home it looked just as good as Miss Square Harwood's silk. I suppose that's what made me think on't, and I said right out to Mandy, 'I've a good mind to put on three shirred ruffles and a plaiting.' You'd be a fool if you do, said Mandy, kind of snappish, and that riled me. I was tired and fretted over my trading, and without waiting to consider, I set right down and cut 'em all out. I had yard upon yard of ruffin', and being bliss, I had to hem 'em all by hand with split silk. I wouldn't offer, and the time I set over 'em is passing belief. This was a Thursday, and Sunday I got near enough to Miss Harwood to see that she had four shirrs into hers; but I'd started mine with six, so I went on. I got up early and sat up late, and left everything flying about the house. A Monday night Deacon Pearce came for me to go to his house and help awhile; he said Miss Pearce was ailing, and suspected she was going to be hard sick, but I made out to him that I was so drowsy I couldn't go anyway till Thursday, and he went off disappointed enough."

"My dress was pretty well along by Wednesday, and when the prayer-meeting bell rung I was real glad for an excuse to get up, for I'd set there the whole endurin' day. We was a little late going in, and just then they broke out singing."

"One more day's work for Jesus."

Land! It came home to me like a shot, and I began to remember things that I'd neglected for that sewing. There was the dress I'd offered to make for the little Jones girl; the poor child had come twice to see about it, and I'd sent her off in a hurry; and the man I'd refused a mouthful of bread that day, because I didn't want to stop sewing; and I remembered I hadn't even fed my poor hens shut up in the coop, to say nothing of Deacon Pearce's wife, who'd been my bosom friend in my young days. All these things started up in my mind, and by the time they sang—

"One more day's work for Jesus,
How sweet the work has been,"

I was fit to drop. I don't know what possessed Parson Hoyt that night, but if he'd known my circumstances he couldn't have selected hymns that would have broken me down quicker. They went on to "Go work in my vineyard," and ended with "Where hast thou gleaned to-day?" Mandy nudged me when they sang, "Tolling on, labor till the Master comes," so I knew she was putting it all onto me. I went right up to Deacon Pearce's after meetin', and I found I'd come too late. The doctor said if she'd stopped before she got to the bottom of the hill, she might 'a picked up again, but she was so delicate he didn't see no chance, and there wasn't none. She lingered a week, and I stayed till after the funeral and left things orderly for the poor distressed family before I went home. I couldn't help feeling 'twas my fault, and I didn't have much heart to go on with my dress; but the ruffles was all based on, and it had to be finished, and there I sat with a lap-board on my knees a whole livin' day sewing on these ruffles—six times around a skirt two and a quarter yards wide for every ruffle! I was cramped all over, and I s'pose I took cold."

"Well, the next day I was down with rheumatism, and two weeks months before the dress was finished; and when I put it on to wear to Parson Hoyt's dinner party, I didn't feel much set up by the notice it 'tracted. Why didn't I take the ruffles off? I couldn't bear to seem to waste the cloth; 'twas all cut up so 'twasn't no use. I've worn the dress high on to five years, and it's good's new now. Folks talk about the vanity and extravagance of the rich, but when we poor folks try to imitate 'em, we do a deal worse. I heard afterwards that Miss Harwood paid twenty dollars for having her dress made, and some poor body carried that money in an honest way; but I hadn't time to waste on such folly, and the good Lord punished me for my wicked waste of time."

"By sickness do you mean?" I asked.

"Yes, and other ways," answered Miss Pillsbury evasively.

"Tell me, please," I said. "I want to hear it all."

"Do you, now? You're sure you don't feel a bit tired?" she asked.

Being assured, she continued: "You see when I was a girl Joseph Hull used to keep company with me some, and after his wife died it kind of seemed as if he was coming round again; but after that donation party he stopped coming our way, and pretty soon he married over to Stoughton. His wife's a weakly kind of a woman that looks like a bit of washed-out ribbon; it's passing belief that Joseph should 'a married such a

woman; but his sister's a great friend of mine, and 'twas a disappointment to her, and she told me that she said he liked me better'n anybody, but my dress at Parson Hoyt's party indicated an unsuitableness that was convincing; he wouldn't 'a believed I would indulge in such extravagance and vanity."

"There, now, it's past time for your drops, and I've been runnin' on until you're all tired out."

"My faithful nurse shook my pillows, arranged the coverings, and let me to enjoy my nap while she went to afternoon service at Parson Hoyt's. When I awoke she was by my side in her usual gray dress, and the story I had heard seemed a dream until I saw in the reddened eyes and tear-stained face that something had occurred to disturb the usual cheerful bearing of patient Miss Pillsbury."

AUTUMN.

The clock of the mower has ceased,
And the harvest is gathered in;
The corn from its husk is released,
And carefully sowed in its bin.

The fruit is all safe from the frost,
And packed for the winter to come;
Be careful that nothing be lost
That will add to the comforts of home.

A voice from the woodlands to-day
Sings, plainly, we're all growing old,
As seasons are passing away,
Attired in their carmine and gold.

The winter will come ere we know,
The leaves and the herbage will fall,
And winter's reign will be long,
Will madden the earth with its pall.

But spring will return with her bloom,
And summer's harvest will bring,
Though we may be laid in the tomb,
And deep hyperborean snow.

The autumn will come with his brush,
Painting leaves with his art of old—
Gray, saffron, and purple, and blue,
Mixed in with the green, drab, and gold.

How much like the seasons in life!
The bud, then the blossom, and leaf—
All nurtured in hope, love, or strife,
Then fades, like the forest, in grief!

But winter will come, when the cold
Will freeze all the blood in our veins—
When purple, or dark brown, and gold,
Will remind the little remains!

I pray, Thee, my Father, to give
Thy grace to sustain while I stay;
Thy Spirit, to guide while I live—
To point out the Truth and the Way.

—CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

The Little Folks.

COASTING IN AUGUST.

It was on the afternoon of the very warmest day in August that the children came running to me, crying—

"There are some boys and girls from the village out on the hill, and some from the hotel on the mountain; and they all have brought their sleds."

It seemed such a puzzle to me that I rose and went out to see what was going on.

When I reached the spacious balcony, I was almost convinced that the whole valley had been bewitched.

There were gathered at least twenty children and half a dozen sleds. The boys were dragging the sleds up the steep slope of the hill-side that rose from the road in front of the house, while the girls followed after as well as they could.

It was not by any means an easy feat to climb this slope.

Though a casual glance it seemed as soft as velvet as a well-kept lawn, it was so to the unwary a delusion and a snare. The midsummer sun shines down upon the Adirondack mountains with as much ardor as on the city streets. Though the nights are cool, frequently even cold, there are no dews, and usually but little rain. So the short thick grass that grows abundantly upon the sides of the lesser mountains, glow like rubies. The climbing of the hills, becomes somewhat parched and smooth, and as slippery as ice. The children, then, had before them quite an amount of hard walking; but those children were like mountain goats, hardy, willing, and able to climb anything.

I watched them with interest. At last the top was reached. Then the sleds were turned upside down, and the runners were rubbed vigorously with candles. This completed, the sleds were put in proper position again, three children seated themselves upon each, and a gentle push started them down the slope.

How swiftly they came! The slope was steep, but smooth—not a rock, stump, or stone on its surface. There sleds were turned upside down, and the sleds were pushed started them down the slope.

For two long hours, this colony of children coasted, till the grass was worn almost to the roots, and the supply of tallow (which is indispensable for this midsummer coasting) was exhausted.

After all the little ones were weary, older people joined in the fun. I own to having made the descent but once; that was quite enough for me.

I never before had heard of this novel amusement; but, starting as it seemed at first, the novelty soon wore away, and I became quite accustomed to the sight and sound of coasting in mid-summer. —MRS. FRANK M. GREGORY, in *St. Nicholas* for August.

Miscellany.

Our Autumn Song.

The days stretch long. The workers are surprised now by the quick coming of the night. Frost has already prophesied the winter. The clock of God tells off the seasons. Free from pestilence, with peace at home and abroad, with business reviving, with crops abundant, let the autumn song be sung. The Lord is good to all; and His tender mercies are over all His works. All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord. All Thy saints shall bless Thee, and they shall speak of the glory of Thy kingdom and talk of Thy power. —CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

The Provisions of an Atlantic Steamship.

When an Atlantic steamship sets sail from Liverpool or New York, it is obliged to lay in a good store of provisions, largely of the best quality. Each vessel is provisioned as follows for the passengers and crew: 3,600 pounds of butter, 3,000 hams, 1,600 pounds of biscuits, exclusive of those supplied for the crew; 8,000 pounds of grapes, almonds, figs and other dessert fruits; 500 pounds of jams and jellies; 500

pounds, 6,000 pounds; dried beans, 3,000 pounds; rice, 3,000 pounds; onions, 5,000 pounds; potatoes, forty tons; flour, 300 barrels; eggs, 1,200 dozen. Fresh vegetables, dead meat and live bullocks, sheep, pigs, geese, turkeys, ducks, fowls, fish and casual game are generally supplied at each port so that it is difficult to estimate them. Probably two dozen bullocks and sixty sheep would be a fair average for the whole voyage, and the rest may be inferred in proportion. During the summer months when traveling is heavy twenty-five fowls are often used in soup for a single dinner. —N. Y. Observer.

Be Silent Unto God.

Every true Christian life needs its daily "silent time," when all shall be still, when the busy activities of other hours shall cease, and when the heart, in holy hush, shall commune with God. One of the greatest needs of Christian life to-day is the revival of devotion. Ours is not an age of prayer so much as of work. The tendency is to action rather than to worship—to busy toil rather than to quiet sitting at the Saviour's feet to commune with Him. —Presbyterian.

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

A little boy in my parish, only six years of age, was sent by his mother to fetch his father home from a public-house. He found his parent drinking with some other men; one of them invited the little fellow to take some beer. Firmly and at once the boy replied:—

"No, I can't take that; I'm in the Band of Hope."

The men looked at one another, but no one was found to repeat the temptation. The man then said:—

"Well, if you won't take the beer, here's a penny for you to buy some candy."

The boy took the penny and said: "I thank you, but I had rather not buy candy; I shall put it into the savings-bank."

The men looked at one another, and for some moments were silent. At length one of them rose and gave utterance to his feelings in these words:—

"Well, I think the sooner we sign the pledge and put our savings in the bank the better."

The men immediately left the house. Such was the effect of two speeches of a boy six years old. "A little child shall lead them." —Golden Censer.

A Harvest Song.

The odor sweet of new-mown hay
Is wafted o'er the land;
Piled high, the sheaves of golden grain
Wait for the threshing band.

Wide, billowy fields of corn uplift
Their banners broad and green,
With plenty's promise gleam bright
On each, in glittering sheen.

The leafy vine bends low with weight
Of juicy clusters fair;
Spring's vine glad promises fulfilled
The burdened orchards bear.

O'er all the land broad-handed Toil,
And patient Toil, have wrought
Day after day, till darkness have been
To full fruition brought.

Yet not to all praise be given,
Not all to Toil and Thrift;
"Who gives the increase," unto Him
Our grateful hearts we lift.

Who can the richly varied store
Of goodly gifts behold,
Nor say with Israel's prophet-lord,
"Thy works are manifold!"

—ELIZABETH E. STARKLEY, in *Western Christian Advocate*.

In September.

Everywhere the wild autumn berries
Riot and mellow in the sunshine, glow
With deepening colors and distill the
most subtle odors. The barberry hangs
out its long curving branches, pendulous
with crimson scales of pungent acids.
Masses of elderberries crowd the fence
corners, purple with unripened wine.
Along winding paths and in yellow up-
land pastures the hips of the sweet briar
glow like rubies. The climbing of the
shade throws back its orange hoods,
discussing soft pellets of scarlet pulp,
the barbed axils sports in its green
tangles clusters of lanky trout; the dog-
wood lights up its stems of dusky red
with berries of the most delicate blue;
like startled silver the aromatic petals
of the red cedar lie in dense clusters
along its furry stems; little waxy balls
cover the straggling arms of the bay-
berry, and the black alders are beaded
with the most brilliant of scarlets. The
pinks, with its long, arching racemes, its
dark with racks of lovely Tyrian col-
ors, branching casks of purple wine,
Thoreau calls them, to be used by the
eye. The gnarled and thorny
branches of the crab-apple are gorgeous
with color, crimson flecked with gold,
or deepest crimson alone. Wild cher-
ries blacken in every hedge row, yield-
ing their purplish, stringent juices to
truant boy and bird alike. But the glory
of September's splendor is the mountain
ash, sacred to Odin and

ZION'S HERALD

FOR THE YEAR 1886.

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Those who wish to subscribe, and do not find it convenient to pay now, can order the paper at once (that they may have the full benefit of the three months offered free), and forward the money between this and January 1.

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The Week.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, September 22.

Resumption of work at the Rock Springs (Wyo.) coal mines; no further trouble anticipated.

Occurrence of a \$100,000 fire in Humboldt, Kansas.

Prevalence of a cholera panic at Palermo, Sicily; fully 30,000 people having fled the city.

Death of 216 persons from small-pox in Montreal during the week ending Sunday night.

Prevalence of anarchy in Albania.

Many lives lost and a vast amount of property destroyed by the severe rains in the southeastern part of Spain.

The Caroline Islands dispute probably to be adjusted without referring it to an arbiter.

Wednesday, September 23.

Assembly of the New York Republican State convention in Saratoga.

Unveiling of the monument in memory of the late James L. Ridgely, secretary of the American Republics of Old Fellows, in Harlem Park, Baltimore, Md.

Opening of the fourth annual American Forestry Congress, in Horticultural Hall, this city.

King Alfonso of Spain seriously ill.

Release of Mrs. Wadsworth, who has served her six months' sentence in Holloway Jail, London, for libelling Mr. Riviere, manager of the Covent Garden Theatre.

Thursday, September 24.

Ex-Comptroller Davenport nominated for governor at the New York Republican State convention.

The estate of Pierre Lorillard of New York, "The Breakers," at Newport, sold to Cornelius Vanderbilt for \$400,000.

Death, in Liverpool, Eng., of Rev. Rufus Ellis, D. D., pastor of the First Church, this city.

Sale of the yacht "Puritan" at auction to a Boston gentleman—Gen. C. J. Folger—for \$13,500.

Heavy gales on the Lakes. Four vessels wrecked at various points on Lake Michigan, the crews being rescued in each case.

The steamer "Bumaco," bound for Nova Scotia, sunk off Grand Manan, and the crew drowned.

Seventeen persons crashed to death by an accident at a concert in Stockholm, Sweden, given by Christine Nilsson.

Friday, September 25.

David B. Hill nominated for governor by the New York Democrats.

Joseph Fisher and his three children, living at Waukegan, Iowa, burned to death at their residence.

The resignation of Dr. J. B. Hamilton as surgeon general of the Marine hospital service, not accepted.

Saturday, September 26.

Property valued at \$100,000 destroyed by fire in three Chicago lumber yards.

Death of Anthony Ashley-Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

Serious interruption to railway travel in Mexico caused by the heavy rains. Much damage done to property.

Reconstruction of the Dominion cabinet, some important changes having been made.

Death of "Goldsmith Maid," once acknowledged "queen of the turf," at the age of 28 years.

The Turkish ministry dismissed by the Sultan, and a new cabinet formed.

The rebels defeated at Manabá, according to Ecuadorian advices.

Monday, September 28.

Death of Judge Waldo Colburn at his home in Dedham, Mass., on Saturday.

Four young men living in Bagdad, Iowa, robbed of their money by circus men, and seriously injured.

Arrival of the yacht "Puritan" in Marblehead harbor.

A conference to be held at Peira by the European powers for the adjustment of the Roumanian difficulty.

Consent of the Pope to act as the mediator in the Caroline Islands dispute; all papers relating to the difficulty having been delivered to his holiness.

Large but peaceful demonstration of socialists at Limehouse, London.

Continued from page 3.

At Bow, also, there is a good work. The old landmarks are being recovered, and the church filled with people in religious inquiry. Several souls are ready for the baptismal water.

At Hooksett the revival interest is moving on. Several persons rose for prayers on Sunday, Sept. 20.

Concord district is feeling the power of God. May she arise and shine, since her light is come!

N.

VERMONT.

The preachers' meeting at Cambridge for the St. Albans district was especially profitable. A precious revival spirit characterized it from first to last, and the subject of holiness was kept prominently before the meeting.

A union preachers' meeting for the Montpelier and Springfield districts is projected to be held at West Randolph, Oct. 12-14, with an admirable programme, and the brethren pledged to meet their assignments.

The St. Johnsbury district holds its next preachers' meeting at Derby, Oct. 20-22, with a very full and interesting programme.

Bro. J. R. Bartlett is engaged for the present to work for the Grand Lodge of Good Templars in our State. He will devote himself to organizing lodges.

Bro. J. O. Sherburne of Northfield gave an able and practical address before the students of the seminary last Friday evening on the subject of "Self Help."

Bro. C. P. Teplin and wife, of Lunenburg, have been visiting among their friends at Corinth and Walsfield during a short vacation they have been kindly granted by their people. They also made a pleasant call at Montpelier, where their son is pursuing his studies in the seminary.

The church at Pittsfield has been repaired instead of frescoed. It was found that the plastering was so broken it seemed impracticable to make a nice job with paint. It is wonderful how elegant the paper can be made to appear. Bro. W. S. Smithers is earnestly pushing the work with more or less encouragement.

The late quarterly meeting at Grand Isle was an occasion of special interest. Bro. R. Morgan, the presiding elder, was present and conducted the services with his usual efficiency. Bro. D. P. Briggs, a former pastor, and wife, were also present, which added to the interest of the occasion. They were given a reception by their old parishioners during their visit. They have many warm friends on the island.

Bro. H. K. Hastings, of Gaysville and Bethel Lympus, has responded to a personal invitation from Bro. J. W. Walker, presiding elder of the Fort Dodge district, Northwest Iowa Conference, to go West. We are sorry to lose such men; but the great West needs men of his stamp. Bro. D. C. Thatcher, of Bethel Gleed, has been appointed to take Bro. Hastings' place, and Bro. G. B. Hyde, of West Randolph, will supply Bethel Gleed in connection with his other work.

H. A. S.

RHODE ISLAND.

EAST GREENWICH SEMINARY.

A brief visit to this institution shows it to be in a very flourishing, and in most particulars, satisfactory condition. The new principal and his efficient corps of instructors have entered upon the fall term in excellent spirits, and are holding the reins with steady hands. The general impression is, that Brother Scott is the right man in the right place, and the old institution, which has so tenaciously clung to life through so many vicissitudes, is looking up, with a calm determination still to live and do its part in shaping the destinies of the youth of our land. The number of students is unusually large, every dormitory being occupied; while in character the school has never been surpassed.

The religious interests of the institution are carefully guarded and diligently promoted. Many of the students are earnest young soldiers of the cross, from whom something will yet be heard in the church's conflict with sin. Some of them are steadfast and consistent witnesses to the power of Christ to save to the uttermost, and have instituted a meeting among themselves to promote the work of holiness among their fellow students. Much prayer should be offered by the church in behalf of this school, that its future may be prosperous and useful.

J. L.

Augusta District Camp-meeting.

The third and last camp-meeting of this district was held at Freeman Center, Me., Sept. 15-19. In the absence of Presiding Elder Pottle, this meeting was under the charge of Rev. D. Pratt, Jr., and was opened Monday evening. A goodly number were present. A tent meeting was led by Bro. Mabry, of Livermore.

Tuesday morning was fair, and by unanimous consent the first sermon was by Rev. J. P. Cole, on the consecration and the power of the Holy Ghost, in which it was manifest that Brother Cole had lost none of his power or zeal. Tuesday afternoon an earnest sermon was preached by W. H. Foster, from Heb. 10: 1. In the evening C. A. Loughton preached from Acts 4: 12, commanding the attention of all, after which a large number came to the altar, among whom were seekers for pardon.

Wednesday morning W. B. Bartlett preached one of the best sermons we have heard this season. His text was from Ezekiel 18: 31: "For why will ye die?" Great power attended the word. In the afternoon Rev. J. R. Masterman, of Solon, discoursed from Job 21: 15: "What is the Almighty that we should serve Him?" etc. His subject was well handled and left a good impression. In the evening Rev. M. K. Mabry was the speaker, from Matt. 7: 25. We hope to see this sermon in print; it is too good to be lost, but it cannot be, for it left a profound impression upon the minds of all.

Thursday morning, N. C. Clifford took the stand and announced his text as John 1: 9: "Come and see." Bro. C. preached with earnestness, and closed with an appeal to all to test the Gospel power for themselves. This was one of the telling sermons of the meeting.

Thursday noon a prayer-meeting was held, a large number of people being on the ground; and as there was not simple convenience in the tents for it, it was decided to hold a social service at the stand. The meeting was now in the hands of the brethren, the presiding elder being engaged at that time in a business meeting. It was a solemn hour. After a few words by the leader on the importance of united faith, and that every promise in the Bible may become Christian experience, all bowed before God, and one after another offered prayer. Tears flowed freely, and it was evident that great power was resting upon the great congregation.

At last the pent-up feelings could be restrained no longer; shouts, cries and sobas were commingled. Some cried for salvation, some for the power of the blood, while others rejoiced in the fullness of the power of the Holy Ghost. Some lay upon their faces, while others, kneeling, were quite unable to rise; others were in an unconscious state as to where they were, yet praised God while standing on their feet. The writer has witnessed many similar occasions, but never one so solemn or impressive for good. The multitude was awayed like a forest. At last Bro. Pottle took the stand, but this only added fire to the fire as the strong man gave utterance to the power of God to save to the uttermost and take away all fear. At last the torrent seemed to be stayed, and when Rev. G. C. Andrews, of Wilton, took the stand and discoursed from the Word of God, it seemed that heaven was very near.

Friday came—the last day of the meeting. It was another fair day. Rev. D. Pratt, Jr., preached. Freeman is the place of the presiding elder's nativity, and a very earnest request by his former acquaintances was made that he should preach. He gave one of his strong and able sermons, to the great satisfaction and comfort of all.

In the evening Rev. Bro. Hatchins, of the Free Baptist Church, and State missionary, delivered a very appropriate sermon—one of the best of the meeting. He will be pleasantly and profitably remembered.

Brother T. A. Nottage is the Conference preacher on this field of labor, and preached the first sermon on the ground Sunday before the camp-meeting. He is the right man in this place. Thus closed one of the best camp-meetings of the year.

D. PRATT, Jr.

ALL GENTLEMEN WHO CONTEMPLATE PURCHASING NEW GARMENTS FOR FALL AND WINTER WEAR, WILL BEAR IN MIND THAT MESSRS. C. A. SMITH & CO., 19 AND 20 SCHOOL STREET, HAVE A LARGE STOCK OF THE VERY BEST CLOTHS, WHICH THEY CUT AND MAKE TO ORDER. PERSONS WHO TRADE WITH THIS HOUSE CAN ALWAYS BE SURE THEY ARE GETTING THE BEST GOODS AT A REASONABLE EXPENSE. IN FACT, NO CLOTHS BUT THE BEST CAN BE FOUND ON THEIR COUNTERS, AS THEY DEAL ONLY IN THE BEST GOODS.

Mr. E. R. Evans, who for many years was connected with the firm of Evans & Co., Worcester, has now established himself in this city, in the Marble and Granite business. Mr. Evans is a man well known to many of our ministers and laymen, and highly esteemed for his honesty and integrity in business matters. All parties wishing for anything in his line, will find it to their advantage to give him a call at 123 Haverhill Street. See advertisement in another column.

Her face was young, yet her hair was gray. She faded Parker's Hair Balsam, and now her hair is soft and brown. Only 10 cents.

"A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY EARNED," and you can save a great many pennies by following the advice given in the advertisement of John & James L. Owen, who are selling their immense stock of carpets, comprising all grades of goods in most desirable patterns, at prices which defy competition.

"THE ARCADE VILLETTE" is an improvement upon ordinary villette that is sure to be thoroughly appreciated, not only during the coming winter, but for many seasons to come.

The Sunday School Teachers' Union Bible Class, Rev. Robert R. Meredith, Conductor, will commence again in Tremont Temple, Saturday afternoon, Oct. 3d, at 3 o'clock. All are cordially invited. Seats free.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

BOSTON DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.

Sept. Franklin, 23.

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THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL CONVENTION

of the Young Men's Christian Association of Massachusetts will be held in Providence, R. I., beginning Thursday, Oct. 8, at 3 P. M., and closing Sunday evening, Oct. 11. The occasion of holding the Massachusetts Convention in Rhode Island is an interesting one. The Association of the latter State have petitioned to be united with those of Massachusetts in State work. As a result of this movement, the Convention will be held in Rhode Island and for the first time will be a joint convention of the two States. About fifty flourishing organizations will be represented, including several railroad and college associations. Distinguished workers from various States have been invited. The list of topics includes the Y. M. C. A. Building; Ecumenical agencies; Work for Young Men; B. B. B. B. Boys' Work; Training Class; and the various practical questions now pressing upon this rapidly-growing organization.

[The Providence District Q. M. appointments and those of the Concord District have been received, and will appear in full next week.]

DOVER DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION at Haverhill, Mass., Oct. 6, 7, Tuesday, 6th, at Wesley Church. Wednesday, 7th, at Grace Church. (See ZION'S HERALD of June 19 for the programme, which is the same for this meeting as published at that time for June 21 and 22.)

THE DUKESPORT DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION will meet at Marlboro, Oct. 26, 27, and 28. [Full programme next week.]

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